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By Mary E. Blake.

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VERSES ALONG THE WAY. 16mo.

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# VERSES ALONG THE WAY

BY

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE

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"MEXICO," "A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN EUROPE," ETC., ETC.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
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To

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.



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ALONG THE WAY.



## A GREETING.

IRELAND! Mother unknown,  
Sitting alone by the water,  
Lift up your eyes to your own,  
Stretch out your arms to your daughter!  
Many and many a day have I longed for your  
green robe's splendor,  
Your eyes of the deep sea gray, your strong  
love patient and tender;  
For the croon of the welcoming voice, and the  
smile half joy and half sadness.  
Soul of my soul rejoice, for this is the hour  
of thy gladness!

Sure if I never had heard  
What land had given me birth,  
And cradled the spirit's bird  
On its first weak flight to earth;  
If I never had heard the name of thy sorrow  
and strength divine,  
Or felt in my pulses the flame of the fire they  
had caught from thine,

I would know by this rapture alone that  
sweeps through me now like a flood,  
That the Irish skies were my own, and my  
blood was the Irish blood !

Proud did I hold my race,  
Yet knew not what pride might dare ;  
Fair did I deem thy face,  
But never one-half so fair ;  
Like a dream with deep happiness fraught  
that some happier dawn makes true,  
Nothing was glad in my thought but gladdens  
still more in you —  
From ivied tower and wall, and primrose pale  
on the lea,  
To vales where the bright streams call to the  
lilting bird in the tree.

How can I frame the thought  
That sets all my soul aglow !  
How can I speak as I ought  
The longing that moves me so !  
My comrades laugh like a boy whose heart to  
pleasure is stirred,  
But my heart is weeping with joy while my  
lips speak never a word ;

Here where the green hills start from the  
breast of the deep blue water,  
Ireland! land of my heart, stretch out your  
arms to your daughter!

## JUNE.

MARCH is a trumpet flower,  
And April a crocus wild;  
May is a harebell slender  
With the clear blue eyes of a child;  
July is the cup of a tulip  
Where gold and crimson meet;  
And August a tiger lily,  
Tawny with passion and heat;  
But Thou art the rose of the world,  
Precious, and glowing, and sweet.

Fair is the flush of the dawning  
Over the face of the sky;  
Sweet is the tangle of music  
From wild birds fluttering by;  
Brilliant the glow of the sunset,  
And graceful the bound of the deer;  
Glad is the laugh of the children,  
Ringing like joy bells clear;  
But what can compare with thy beauty  
O red, red rose of the year!

## AN ORIOLE.

A DAZZLE of yellow, a quiver of wings,  
A flash like a beam from the sun's rays  
shaken ;  
And high on the tree tops an oriole sings,  
Dizzy with gladness, like hearts afloat  
On an ocean of love in a fairy boat,  
While the joy bells of life unto bliss awaken.

Only an instant, and then away  
Like the flight of a thought through the sum-  
mer weather ;  
But still and forever the song shall stay ;  
To wake in my soul through the winter's  
night  
The rapturous thrill of that swift delight,  
When it and the oriole sang together.

## IN THE MOUNTAINS.

### I.

#### A BREEZY DAY.

THE day was dark and glum as when  
    Gay youth sees age advancing ;  
There came a wee breeze up the glen  
    And set the leaves a-dancing.

It lilted to the nodding grass,  
    It whistled through the rushes,  
It hustled all the bonny buds  
    Among the bonny bushes.

It tossed the mists above the hills,  
    It pulled the clouds asunder,  
And let the shining sky above  
    Look down in blue-eyed wonder.

Off flew the frown from Nature's face,  
    And smiles began to wimple ;  
The little birds laughed loud and shrill  
    Above the pool's blue dimple.

Care flew as fly the mists of dawn  
Before the sun's light glancing, —  
And all because that saucy breeze  
Had set the green leaves dancing.

So blithely glanced their twinkling feet  
In such a maze of gladness,  
So loud the piping winds and sweet,  
That oft in hours of sadness

When weary falls the winter night  
Upon some lost endeavor,  
Some memory dear of past delight,  
Some fair dream gone forever,

My soul afloat on fancy's wings  
Shall seek this spot entrancing  
And hear the breeze that pipes and thrills  
And see the green leaves dancing.

## II.

## UNDER THE PINES.

When the Winter's rime  
Clogs the wheels of time  
And the earth's warm blood grows thin and  
gray,  
Death doth conquer life on sea and shore,—  
Summer being o'er,—  
Only for the sunshine do we pray.

When the Summer's rune  
Sets the world in tune,  
Gives it voice for speech and eyes for sight,—  
God! we thank Thee! — comes a time at last,—  
Winter being past,—  
When Thy shadows gladden as Thy light.

## III.

## A MOUNTAIN SABBATH.

Here rests the Sabbath of the soul,  
On this far-climbing, tranquil height!  
Where waves of sound through pine boughs roll  
Like organ tones, now sad, now bright,

Uplifted to the warmth and glow  
Of some new world of peace and love,  
The deep blue sparkling sea below,  
The deep blue wondrous sky above !  
Across the far horizon's rim  
The purple-hooded mountains stand,  
To swell the mighty voiceless hymn  
That rises from the silent land.  
No sight, no sound of earth's unrest,  
Of passion's fret, of sordid care ;  
The holiest only and the best  
Can rise into this purer air.

O fruitful hours of idleness,  
Whose rich repose our poor toil shames,  
With all diviner thoughts possess  
The lives long bent to lowlier aims !  
For sure, with eyes made clear to see  
Earth's finer bliss and pure delights,  
God's heaven of love must nearer be,  
His voice more clear, upon the heights.

## DISCORDANCE.

ONCE the sky was dark and drear,  
Mourning for the dying year ;  
Ocean shrieked in bitter pain  
Under lashes of the rain ;  
Toothèd rocks rose black and thin, —  
Rakes to draw dead men within ;  
Cries like mocking demons passed  
Through the howling of the blast :  
Yet thy face was sweet to see,  
Since thou brought'st my love to me,  
                  O fair, fair sea !

Once the rose of dawn bloomed fair  
In the dreaming summer air ;  
Sleeping waters stirred and smiled,  
Dimpled like a waking child ;  
Little waves with tender speech  
Kissed the white feet of the beach ;

And the cooing of the birds  
Filled the air like happy words.  
God ! that then his eyes should be  
Closed forever under thee,  
    O false, false sea !

## ON THE SEA.

### I.

#### FIRST EVENING.

GRAY in the fading skies ;  
Gray in the deep sea under ;  
    And dark on its wide white wings  
        The good ship quivers and springs,  
Dipping into the night and cleaving the waves  
    asunder,  
As a sea-gull circles and flies.

    Loneliness half, and deep peace,  
Twins of the silence draw near me ;  
    Soft as the cooing of birds  
        Kisses and lovingest words  
From lips that I touched last night, come  
    through the dark to cheer me.  
And ere their whisperings cease,  
  
    Blend with their lingering tone  
Voices and lips more tender,

That long in the churchyard sod  
Have known the sweet twilight of God,  
And now, looking backward to earth, from  
Heaven's more wonderful splendor,  
Are speaking to me alone.

## II.

## A CALM DAY.

Where hath the world departed,  
With all its envy and woe, its moil and its  
care ;  
The grief of its sons broken-hearted,  
The tear of its sorrow, the wail of despair ?  
Here like a child on the breast of its mother  
naught cometh to me  
But peace and rest, peace and rest, and the  
infinite joy of the sea.

Well have I known the deep sadness,  
That stains with shadow and ruth the garment  
of life,  
The echo that mocks at its gladness,  
The weight of its sorrow, the noise of its strife ;

Nought of its bitterness, nought of its wailing I hear or I see,  
But peace and rest, peace and rest, and the infinite joy of the sea.

But a rapture of light in the heavens,  
A glow that speaks to the heart like promise of dawn ;  
A thrill of wide freedom, that leavens  
The being with sense of oppression withdrawn  
Sweet, as if nearer the portals of glory the soul floated free  
In peace and rest, peace and rest, and the infinite joy of the sea.

## III.

## STORM.

Whither, O God, hath evanished  
Thy near brooding sense of delight!  
The calm of sweet silence where banished,  
The peace of the night, —  
Only gray mist like a shroud tossed low on a rain-beaten grave ;  
And the flail of the wind smiting loud, and the answering roar of the wave !

Beyond, a blind terror of fate,  
A conflict of fear and of doubt,  
A clamor of darkness and hate,  
And the sky blotted out !  
Beneath, but the quavering cry of timbers that  
strain through the wrack,  
And stealthy fierce waves bounding high like  
sleuthhounds of death on our track !

## IV.

## HOMeward Bound.

The grime of the land falls away like a clod  
from the heel of the ship ;  
The deep sapphire cup of the sea holds its  
wine of delight to her lip ;  
And she quaffs of its strength and its joy as  
she bounds over mountains of foam,  
And speeds like a bird in its flight  
Through courses of day and of night  
To the headlands of Home !

O world of our dreams, as you die in the haze  
of the sunset's red gold !  
O blue of the brave Tuscan sky ! O glory  
and grandeur of old !

Shrines of saints, tombs of kings, all the light  
    that illumines the earth's wondrous tome,  
How ye fade as a torch dim and burned,  
Once the eyes of the soul have been turned  
    To the headlands of Home !

## IN MAY TIME.

In May time ! In May time  
'Gin little leaves to dance ;  
The apple bloom and cherry  
Make all the orchards merry,  
And under sheath of flowery wreath  
Doth thorn bush hide his lance.

In May time ! In May time  
The little birds do call,  
And sweet their shrill pipes ringing  
Set all the world a-singing,  
While gossip gay and roundelay  
Bring joy to one and all.

In May time ! In May time,  
My heart, and can it be  
That thou, with greater power  
For joy than bird or flower,  
Doth frozen rest within my breast

And from the sunshine flee  
And feel the fret of winter yet  
Because one frowns on thee?

Alack! And woe is me!

## AVENGED !

WHEN thou wert here, he thought it hard to  
shun thee;  
He feared lest some time Fate should bring  
thee near,  
So deep he felt the wrong that he had done  
thee, —  
While thou wert here.

Now thou art dead, his heavy heart grows  
lighter,  
The strain of fear that wrung the soul is  
fled ;  
His sun of life grows ever bright and brighter,  
Now thou art dead.

Ah fool and blind ! Dividing seas might  
thunder  
Beneath the stars to keep his pathway clear,  
A world obtrude to hold your ways asunder,  
While thou wert here ;

But now, nor depth nor space can aught avail  
him ;  
By night, by day, while time and life go on,  
Soul unto soul thy spirit shall assail him,  
Now thou art gone.

## THE EQUINOCTIAL.

THROUGH the long night the surges roared  
In hoarse, wild heat, against the rocks  
Whose flinty horns their white sides gored, —  
Then came the Equinox !

No joy was in the face of day,  
The air was full of wrath and strife,  
The pall of cloud rack torn away  
Had more of death than life.

Swift from its stormy grasp is hurled  
The mighty sheaf of thunderous spears ;  
While, hushed in dread, a silent world  
Its shout of triumph hears.

Sullen, with deep and lowering brow,  
Fierce foam of wrath upon its lips,  
And strong breath smiting keel and prow  
The quivering, dooméd ships,

The sunset meets its eyes' wild light  
Unquenched amid its tangled locks ;  
God help their need who meet to-night  
The awful Equinox !

## IN A CITY STREET.

NAY! think not Spring is all for you  
Because amid your woodland bowers  
The torch of life flames up anew  
In maple tips and springing flowers,

Because your wide horizon dips  
Beyond a world of beauty glowing,  
And earth through all her being sips  
The wine of gladness, sparkling, flowing.

For us too Spring hath spent her store;  
In all her joy are we partakers,  
Although the plot beside our door  
Has fewer feet than yours has acres.

The slim green lances of the grass,  
The few pale crocus buds upspringing,  
The wandering birds that pause, and pass,  
To fresher fields their swift way winging;

The radiant gleam of heaven's blue  
Above the narrowing rooftree's border,  
The early sunbeam creeping through  
Like shining spear of silent warder;

The moon that comes in silver state  
And fills the place with royal splendor,  
The fading light that lingers late  
To meet the night in wooing tender;

The subtle sense that fills the air  
With some divine unspoken glory,—  
All these are ours; nor can you share  
With deeper peace the old sweet story

Than I, with this small sod that tells  
Of joy and life again upspringing,  
And this sweet chime of crocus bells  
To airs of heaven set a-ringing.

## AT TWENTY-ONE.

The Youth who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
    And by the vision splendid  
    Is on his way attended ;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

WORDSWORTH.

AND so, if Wordsworth's song be true, —  
    And if he knew not, who shall know it, —  
The common day has dawned for you,  
    That comes at last to sage and poet.

The clouds of glory torn and spent,  
    The heavenly light behind them faded,  
The man must pitch his moving tent  
    In lands by care and sorrow shaded.

Believe it not, O heart of mine !  
    The psalm of life rings truer, clearer ;  
*Beyond* the glow and glory shine,  
    And every step but brings them nearer.

Keep for thy star, as still of old,  
The love that makes of mankind brothers,  
And hold within that heart of gold,  
So harsh for self, so kind for others.

The blindest soul must catch the light  
From passing marvels' regal splendor ;  
Be thine the eyes to read aright  
Earth's common beauty glad and tender.

Be thine that holier sense that heeds  
The hidden harmonies of duty,  
And finds, to fill its daily needs,  
God's constant spring of love and beauty.

So heaven shall lie about thy way ;  
Not all unknown, as mid the blisses  
Of childhood's short unconscious day,  
Whose loftiest sky was smiles and kisses,

But pure, serene, o'erarching all  
The toil of life with something finer,  
Till from the ore the dross shall fall  
And virgin gold reward the miner.

O not behind the heavenly shore  
The psalm of life rings truer, clearer ;  
The light, the glory, is before,  
And each strong step but brings it nearer.

## THE DAWNING O' THE YEAR.

ALL ye who love the Springtime — and who  
but loves it well  
When the little birds do sing, and the buds  
begin to swell ! —  
Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face  
so dear,  
Till ye look upon old Ireland, in the dawning  
o' the year !

For where in all the earth is there any joy like  
this ;  
When the skylark sings and soars like a spirit  
into bliss.  
While the thrushes in the bush strain their  
small brown mottled throats,  
Making all the air rejoice with their clear and  
mellow notes :

And the blackbird on the hedge in the golden  
sunset glow  
Trills with saucy, side-tipped head to the bonny  
nest below ;

And the dancing wind slips down through the  
leaves of the boreen,  
And all the world rejoices in the wearing o'  
the green.

For 't is green, green, green, where the ruined  
towers are gray,  
And it's green, green, green, all the happy  
night and day ;  
Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy  
on the wall,  
And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fair-  
est green of all.

There the primrose breath is sweet, and the  
yellow gorse is set  
A crown of shining gold on the headlands  
brown and wet ;  
Not a nook of all the land but the daisies  
make to glow,  
And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells  
below.

And it's there the earth is merry, like a young  
thing newly made  
Running wild amid the blossoms in the field  
and in the glade,

Babbling ever into music under skies with soft  
clouds piled,  
Like the laughter and the tears in the blue  
eyes of a child.

But the green, green, green, O 't is that is blithe  
and fair !

In the fells and on the hills, gay and gladsome  
as the air,

Lying warm above the bog, floating brave on  
crag and glen,

Thrusting forty banners high where another  
land has ten.

Sure Mother Nature knows of her sore and  
heavy grief,

And thus with soft caress would give solace  
and relief ;

Would fold her close in loveliness to keep her  
from the cold,

And clasp the mantle o'er her heart with em-  
eralds and gold.

So ye who love the Springtime — and who but  
loves it well

When the little birds do sing, and the buds  
begin to swell ! —

Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face  
so dear

Till ye meet it in old Ireland in the dawning  
o' the year!

## IN MIDWINTER.

THE pine and the oak !

The pine and the oak !

Never in summer a voice they woke

Of singing or sighing my heart within ;

Dazzled and dazed by the sunlight's gold,

And dance of the grass over hill and wold,

And breezes that pressed with such petulant  
din, —

I could not wait for the words they spoke ;

Nor look for the dryads that wander and  
moan,

Left in the shade of the green wood alone ;  
Thinking with weeping and wringing of hands,  
Of the glad lost time in the fair Greek lands,  
When faun and satyr together met

In royal sport under palms and larches,  
And the mystic light of a day long set

Pierced through the gloom of the forest  
arches.

But now in the snow and frost,  
When joy of the eyes is lost,  
And under the dull sky gray and low,  
The wraith of the dead year wanders slow,—  
Sweet, as a song without words,  
The flight and the music of birds,  
Glad leaves set to a June day's tuning,  
Echo of dreams in a sultry nooning,  
Whisper of blooms in woodlands hiding,  
Scent of the rose on soft airs riding,  
Comes to the trancéd ear,  
Melody soft and clear.  
And visions of beauty rare and tender :  
Dian enwrapped in her maiden splendor  
Turning young Acteon's gaze on death ;  
Joyous Bacchantes with lusty breath  
Dancing before the wine God's car ;  
Or shy pale nymphs in the aisles afar,  
Smiling behind their locks, half hid  
From ardent eyes of some daring lover,—  
These are what fancy, unforbid,  
In shade of the pine and the oak discover.

## TRANSITION.

THE golden woods shine like a glory ; the air  
is as balm ;  
The land is as fair as a story ; the waves sing  
a psalm ;  
Like censers of incense the pungent swift odors  
ascend ;  
And far in the distant horizon the sea and  
sky blend ;  
We know not where Heaven beginneth, or  
where Earth may end.

Dear Heart ! read the joy and the sweetness ;  
endeavor to see  
The lesson in all its completeness that God  
giveth thee :  
So full of the light of the spirit the body  
should glow,  
When nearing its time of departure, that we  
could not know  
Which step crossed the threshold of Heaven  
and left us below !

## DAISIES.

DAISIES !

Low in the grass and high in the clover,  
Starring the green earth over and over,  
Now into white waves tossing and breaking,  
Like a foaming sea when the wind is waking,  
Now standing upright, tall and slender,  
Showing their deep heart's golden splendor,

Daintily bending,

Airily lending

Garlands of flowers for earth's adorning,  
Fresh with the bloom of a summer morning :  
High on the slope, low in the hollow,  
Where eye can reach or foot can follow,  
Shining with innocent fearless faces  
Out of the depths of lonely places,

Till the glad heart sings their praises,

Here are the daisies,

The daisies.

See them ebbing and flowing,  
Like tides with the full moon going ;

Spreading their generous largess free  
For hand to touch and eye to see,  
    In dust of the wayside growing,  
    On rock-ribbed upland blowing,  
By meadow brooklets glancing,  
On barren fields a-dancing,  
Till the world forgets to burrow and grope,  
And rises aloft on the wings of hope ;  
    Oh ! of all posies,  
    Lilies or roses,  
    Sweetest or fairest,  
    Richest or rarest,  
That earth in its joy to heaven upraises,  
    Give me the daisies !

Why ? For they glow with the spirit of youth,  
Their beautiful eyes have the glory of truth,  
Down before all their rich bounty they fling,  
Free to the beggar, and free to the king ;  
Loving, they stoop to the lowliest ways,  
Joyous, they brighten the dreariest days ;  
Under the fringe of their raiment they hide  
Scars the gray winter had opened so wide ;  
    Freely and brightly.  
    Who can count lightly  
Gifts with such generous ardor proffered,

Tokens of love from such full hearts offered ;  
Or look without passion of joy and delight  
At pastures, star covered from morning till  
    night,  
When the sunshiny field ablaze is  
    With daisies.

Daisies !  
    Your praise is  
That you are like maidens, as maidens should  
    be,  
Winsome in freshness and wholesome to see ;  
Gifted with beauty and joy to the eye ;  
Head lifted daintily, yet not too high ;  
Sweet with humility ; radiant in love ;  
Generous, too, as the sunshine above ;  
Swaying with sympathy, tenderly bent  
On hiding the hurt, and on healing the rent ;  
Innocent, looking the world in the face ;  
Fearless, with nature's own innocent grace ;  
Full of sweet goodness, yet simple in art ;  
White in the soul and pure gold in the heart ;  
Ah ! like unto you should all maidenhood be,  
Gladsome to know and most gracious to see, —  
    Like you, my daisies !

## A BIRTHDAY.

A score of years! O child beloved and fair,  
Since thy glad pinions in swift upward  
flight

Darkened for us the rosy morning light,  
And earth grew empty, — for thou wert not  
there.

A score of years! At manhood's threshold  
stand

The little ones who touched with bated  
breath

Thy lips all pallid from the kiss of death,  
The frozen beauty of thy dimpled hand.

But thee, nor time nor change can rude assail;  
Upon thy face the baby smile doth rest,  
The fadeless lilies shine upon thy breast,  
And on thy brow a glory rare and pale.

O wondrous Death ! thou dealest sharpest pain !  
More swift than life thou snatchest youth  
away ;  
But while life farther bears it, day by day,  
Thy hand, grown kind, doth give it back again !

## TWO FESTIVALS.

WHEN in the June time nature woke  
To sunshine and joy and sweet surrender,  
Fragance of bloom on the orchard slope,  
Passion of love in the roses' splendor,  
Wooed by the voices of bird and of bee,  
Whisper of tree-tops and murmur of sea,  
Earth the maid became Earth the wife ;  
Gayly she married her bridegroom Life, —  
And the green leaves danced at the wedding.

Now in the dull November day  
Sunshine and song have flown together,  
The rose is dead, and the bird away  
In far lands seeking the golden weather ;  
With clashing of boughs in the windy lane,  
With sigh of the wind and sob of the rain,  
Wrinkled and gray and scant o' breath,  
The widowed Earth marries her bridegroom  
Death, —  
And the dead leaves dance at the wedding.

## THE DARK O' THE YEAR.

AYE, but the day is dour, lad,  
Wi' the chill wind moanin' by ;  
Snaw on the fell an' moor, lad,  
Snaw in the cauld, gray sky ;  
Short is the sun's dim shinin',  
Lang is the darksome night,  
Wi' the sheeverin dawn from its bosom blawn,  
Like a wraith thro' the gruesome night !

'T is a time o' trouble an' dearth, lad,  
Cauld is the sun's warm breath,  
And the guid brown cheek o' the airth, lad,  
Is wan wi' the white o' death.  
There 's never a song in the bushes,  
There 's never a lilt in the breeze,  
An' the greetin' rain, like a soul in pain,  
Gaes sobbin' amang the trees.

But the fire on the hearth is high, lad,  
An' the ingle nook is warm ;

There's a promise o' springtime nigh, lad,  
To brighten the darkest storm.  
'Tis little we heed its skelpin',  
When the heart is gay within,  
For the auld heads bent in a fine content,  
An' the laughin' bairnies' din.

They ca' it the dark o' the year, lad,  
But little they know who speak!  
When the speerit is glad an' clear, lad,  
Wha cares if the land be bleak?  
But I could tell of a dawnnin',  
As fair as the smile o' God;  
When the hawthorn spray for the brow o' the  
May  
Was glintin' above the sod,

When the lark like an arrow o' song, lad,  
Was piercin' the dazzle o' sky,  
An' the sweet air sparklin' an' strong, lad,  
Laughed low as it floated by,  
An' a dead face there in the corner,  
Changed a' life's glory to fear, —  
O wae be the day! And wae be the day!  
For that was the dark o' the year!

## SPRING'S AWAKING.

THE wind is chill in the street ;  
As it sighs, the bare boughs fret ;  
Grime of the mire and the wet  
Hinder the weary feet ;  
But high in the purer air,—  
High as the heart's desire —  
In a passion of longing and fire  
A bird sings sweet and fair,—  
While a sunbeam, cheery and strong,  
Answers the joy of the song,  
And Spring is coming.

Soul, thou art sore distrest !  
By grief and the shadow of death,  
By cold of the winter's breath,  
Still is thy pulse opprest !  
Lift up thine eyes to see,  
Lift up thine ears to hear,—  
For the spirit of life is near

And its voice is calling to thee.  
Over the graveyard sod  
Shineth the smile of God,  
And Spring is coming.

## AT A NAMELESS SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

UNTO the unknown dead !  
Unto each honored head  
Soft pillow'd now in peacefulness most deep,  
That maketh holy ground where'er they sleep ;  
Above whose rest the loving south winds hover,  
And bees hum loud amid the brave red clover ;  
Who for their country fought,  
Loyal in heart and thought  
However led by alien force astray,  
Weave we a wreath to-day.

Fame hath its trumpet tone  
For names long made its own ;  
Poets have sung and kindly eyes bewept  
The golden promise from earth's harvest swept  
Ere yet the grain had ripened, and the calm  
Of well-won peace distilled its holy balm.  
But for the unknown host,  
None hath made plaint or boast,  
Who in the depth of war's ensanguined flood,  
Found their baptism of blood.

Yet did their strong arms hold  
Treasure more dear than gold  
For the fair land on which their true hearts  
shed  
Joy, love, and life, that she might lift her  
head.  
In her rich coffers shines no purer gem  
Than the brave faith that nerved and  
strengthened them,  
When in her anguish torn,  
Stricken and all forlorn,  
From her deep need she gave that bitter cry  
And they came forth,— to die.

Nor in the glorious way  
Waiting her feet to-day,—  
Robed in white honor, proved among her peers,  
Guarded in peace more strong than sword and  
spears,—  
Let from her grateful memory be cast  
The nameless heroes of her golden past,  
Whose bones on many a field forgotten lie  
Under the summer sky.

But as they make more fair  
The brave earth smiling there,

Joyous with life and rich in happy bloom,  
So in our souls their spirits shall find room  
With all glad thought of worth and high re-  
nown,  
Of love, and trust, and lofty honor's crown,  
    Of freedom's kindling breath,  
    Of strength that conquers death,—  
The while we sing with proud uplifted head  
    Unto the Unknown Dead !

## A LITANY OF FLOWERS.<sup>1</sup>

O FLOWER of Faith ! Thou Passion bloom up-springing

Amid the dust of lowliness and pain,  
The joy of life to death and sadness bringing,  
Our eyes are dim ; make thou the pathway plain.

O Flower of Hope ! Fair Lily of the garden,  
Whose leaves no touch of soil or time can fret,  
Of Heaven's dear peace the sentinel and war-den,

Let thy light shine above earth's vague regret.

O Flower of Love ! Red Rose, whose mystic beauty

Hath so made glad our fallen nature's state,  
Lend thy sweet breath to teach the bliss of duty,

And lift our souls to where His glories wait.

<sup>1</sup> Feast of the Annunciation.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS.

GLORY, not grief, our theme to-day !  
The record of his life to sing  
Who brought to clothe our common clay  
The royal mantle of the king.  
Glory, not grief ! The heart is cold  
That drinks of sorrow's bitter cup,  
When like the prophet saint of old,  
God's fiery steeds bear heroes up.

Some tombs are altars. On them flame  
The beacon lights of sacrifice,  
Like stars fair set in sky of fame  
To light the way for seeking eyes.  
Beside them lie the conqueror's bays,  
The patriot's sword, the poet's pen,  
Like kindling sparks to set ablaze  
The fire divine in hearts of men.

Round thy dear name, O thou most blessed  
Because most loved ! what memories throng  
Now that thy virtues stand confessed,  
By death's pale light made doubly strong.

Thou Bayard of our craven age !  
When even honor stoops to greed,  
How fair the white, unsullied page  
Thy record leaves for man to read !

Born in the purple ; placed beyond  
The cares that lowlier fortune bears,  
What wiser insight, deep and fond,  
Led thee to mate thy life with theirs ?  
Thy soul was like an angel's wing  
To stir the troubled pool of doubt,  
Till Bondage, bathing in the spring,  
Drew healing grace of Freedom out.

Twofold thy nature : one was shown  
To those oppressed of creed or race,  
Who knew thy tenderness alone,  
And saw the Saviour in thy face ;  
While one, in stern and awful guise,  
Confronted the embattled throng,  
And with the lightning of thine eyes  
Struck down the armored might of wrong.

If, sometime, on the upward track,  
When frosty peril nipped the soul  
And Prudence called her warriors back,  
Thy braver spirit stormed the goal,

Smote giant Danger, branch and root,  
And spurred thy lagging comrades on,—  
Shall we, who share the victory's fruit,  
Dare question how the heights were won?

The wingèd arrows of thy speech,  
Barbed with sharp point of finest scorn,  
That tore their way through gap and breach,  
And forced a path for hopes forlorn ;  
The broken fetter of the slave,  
The right of manhood to be free —  
What nobler signs could make thy grave  
A sacred shrine to Liberty ?

On thy dead brow we place the crown,  
For words made living by thy breath ;  
For fearless thought ; for high renown  
Of conquest from the jaws of death ;  
For this is Fame ! But to thy bier  
Come gifts, all other gifts above, —  
The freedman's prayer, the poor man's tear,  
The Nation's stricken cry of love !

## HOW IRELAND ANSWERED.

A TRADITION OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WHERESOEVER in song or story  
Runs one theme of ancient glory,  
Wheresoe'er in word or action lives one spark  
    for freedom's shrine,  
    Read it out before the people,  
    Ring it loud in street and steeple,  
Till the hearts of those who listen thrill be-  
    neath its power divine !

And as lives immortal, gracious,  
    The great deed of young Horatius,  
Or that gauntlet of defiance flung by Tell in  
    Gessler's face,  
So for him who claims as sireland  
    The green hills of holy Ireland,  
Let the speech of old John Parnell speak its  
    lesson to his race.

'T was in days when sore tormenting  
With a malice unrelenting,  
England pushed her youngest step-child past  
endurance into strife ;  
Till, with weak, frail hands uplifted,  
With but hate and courage gifted,  
She began the desperate struggle that should  
end in death or life.

Came the fourth long year of fighting ;  
Want and woe and famine biting  
Nipped the heartstrings of the " Rebels,"  
chilled their pulse with cold despair ;  
Southern swamp and Northern mountain  
Fed full streams to war's red fountain,  
And the gloom of hopeless struggle darkened  
all the heavy air ;

Lincoln's troops in wild disorder  
Beaten on the Georgian border ;  
Fivescore craft off Norfolk harbor scuttled  
deep beneath the tide ;  
Hessian thieves in swaggering sallies  
Raiding fair New England valleys ;  
While before Savannah's trenches brave Pulaski,  
fighting, died ;

Indian allies warwhoops raising  
Where Wyoming's roofs were blazing ;  
Clinton, full of pomp and bluster, sailing down  
on Charleston ;  
And the people faint with striving,  
Worn with aimless, poor contriving,  
Tired at last of freedom's battle, heedless if  
't is lost or won.

Shall now England pause for mercy  
When the frozen plains of Jersey,  
Tracked with blood, showed pathways trodden  
by bare feet of wounded men ?  
When the drained and tortured nation  
Holds no longer gold or ration  
To upbuild her fallen fortune, or to fill her  
veins again ?

Nay ! but striving swift and surely  
Now to gain the end securely,  
Stirling asks for reinforcements — volunteers  
to speed the cause ;  
And King George in mandate royal  
Speeds amid his subjects loyal,  
Calls for dutiful assistance to avenge his out-  
raged laws.

In the name of law and order  
Sends across the Irish border  
To the wild and reckless spirits of whose daring well he knows :  
“ Ho ! brave fools who fight for pleasure,  
Here is chance for fame and treasure ;  
Teach those brazen Yankee devils the full force of Irish blows ! ”

Old John Parnell, cool and quiet, —  
Strange result on Celtic diet, —  
Colonel he of volunteers and well belovèd chief of men,  
Reads the royal proclamation,  
Answers for himself and nation —  
Ye who heed the voice of honor list the ringing words again : —

“ Still, as in her ancient story,  
Ireland fights for right and glory ;  
Still her sons, through blood and danger, hold unstained their old renown ;  
But, by God who reigneth o'er me,  
By the motherland that bore me,  
Never Irish gold or valor helps to strike a patriot down ! ”

Thus 'mid themes immortal, gracious,  
Like that deed of young Horatius  
Or the gauntlet of defiance flung by Tell in  
Gessler's face,  
Let the Celt who claims as sireland  
The green hills of holy Ireland  
Place the speech of old John Parnell for the  
glory of his race.

## DECORATION DAY.

WHERE is the Winter's scath?  
Where is the pain and wrath  
That scarred the earth with ruin and with  
blight,  
That wove its icy pall round day and night?  
Gone! as the swiftly moving grace of Sum-  
mer  
Casts its fair shadow, luminous and sweet,  
While Nature, blithe to greet the jocund  
comer,  
Bursts into bloom before her welcome feet.

Where be our loved and lost?  
Where are the tempest-tossed  
Souls of the brave, that passion's fiery  
breath  
Scorched on the battlefields of war and  
death?  
Gone! And above their place a lasting glory  
Of shining deeds, a high, heroic part

Written in light across their country's story,  
Written in love upon their country's heart.

Shall the glad days return?  
Shall the gray valleys burn  
With the fresh fires of resurrection, blown  
Downward with living breath from God's  
high throne,  
And our dead heroes, in cold silence sleeping,  
Wake to no pulse of life, no heavenly pow-  
ers  
That, with the spirit's strength all bounds o'er-  
leaping,  
Shall reach from their more glorious world  
to ours?

Nay! when we come to-day  
Laden with blooms of May,  
Crowning with music's breath and voice of  
song  
The graves that to their quiet rest belong,  
Is it not theirs, this mood of inspiration  
That lifts in prayer and praise each rever-  
ent head,  
While, proudly sad, the Genius of the Nation  
Kneels by the honored ashes of her dead?

Seasons shall ebb and flow,  
Kingdoms shall come and go,  
Through the long cycles of the years to  
come,  
Ere the deep echoes of their fame be dumb.  
Still in the fertile soil of true hearts growing  
Their seed shall bourgeon for the day of  
need ;  
And the strong impulse from their lives up-  
flowing  
Still force its way to golden thought and  
deed.

From their mute lips arise  
Strains that do scale the skies :  
The might of Love, that freely ventured all  
When awful Duty thrilled her trumpet-call ;  
Patience, in pain that burned the dross from  
merit ;  
Faith, in the heart when earthly hope grew  
dim ;  
Death, as a choice, that we might life in-  
herit, —  
Such are the themes of their immortal  
hymn.

Fair is the thought, and just,  
That to their sacred dust

Leads year by year in pious pilgrimage  
The blended ranks of childhood and of age,  
The grace of woman, bright with love's own  
splendor,  
The strength of manhood in its lusty prime,  
Moved by one impulse, generous and tender,  
To hold their memories green through cir-  
cling time.

Country, or rank, or name,  
Naught do we ask of Fame.

Whether they called themselves of North or  
South,  
Since naught they asked who faced the can-  
non's mouth,  
Since on both sides the patriot heart beat  
kindly,  
Since on both sides the balm of death did fall,  
Forgive the brothers' hands uplifted blindly,  
And with the love of brothers crown them  
all.

## WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

HEART of the patriot, touched by freedom's  
kindling breath,  
Pouring its burning words from lips by passion  
fired ;  
Sword of the soldier, drawn in the awful face  
of death ;  
Bounteous pen of the scholar, tracing its theme  
inspired ;  
Wealth of the rich man's coffers, help of the  
poor man's dole ;  
Strength of the sturdy arm, and might of the  
statesman's fame, —  
These be fit themes for praise in days that  
tried the soul,  
But where in the list is room for mention of  
woman's name ?

For hers are the virtues cast in finer and  
gentler mould ;  
In quiet and peaceful paths, her nature finds  
its scope.

Stronger in loving than hating ; fond where  
the man is bold,

She works with the tools of patience and won-  
derful gifts of hope.

Hers are the lips that kiss, the hands that  
nurse and heal,

The tender voice that speaks in accents low  
and sweet.

What hath her life to do with clash of musket  
and steel,

Who sits at the gate of home, with children  
about her feet ?

Nay ! in the sturdy tree is there one sap at  
the root

That mounts to the stately trunk to fill it with  
power and pride,

And one for the tender branch that bourgeons  
in flower and fruit,

Casting its welcome shadow on all that rest  
beside ?

Nay ! when the man is called, the woman must  
swift arise,

Ready to strengthen and bless, ready to follow  
and wait,

Ready to crush in her heart the anguish of  
tears and sighs,  
Reading the message of God in the blind  
decrees of Fate.

So, in the days of the past, when Liberty  
raised her voice,  
Weak as a new-born babe in the cradle who  
wakes and calls,  
And the tremulous accents ran through the  
beautiful land of her choice,  
As into the heart of the mother the cry of her  
infant falls,—  
So did hand of the woman reach to hand of  
the man,  
Helping with comfort and love, steeling his  
own for the strife;  
Till the calm of her steadfast soul through his  
wavering pulses ran,  
And the blow of the husband's arm was nerved  
from the heart of the wife.

Wearing a homespun gown, or ruling with easy  
sway  
The world of fashion and pride, gilded by  
fortune's sun,

Rich or poor, who asks, as the record we  
read to-day?

Lowly or great, who cares how the poor dis-  
tinctions run?

Hallowed be every name in the roll of honor  
and fame,

Since on hearthstone and field they kindled  
the sacred fire,

Since with fostering breath they nurtured Lib-  
erty's flame,

And set it aloft on the heights to which he-  
roes' feet aspire.

Molly of Monmouth, staunch in the place of  
her fallen brave,

Drowning the cry of defeat in the lusty roar of  
her gun;

Rebecca, the Lady of Buckhead, who, eager for  
freedom, gave

Home of her heart to the burning, and smiled  
when the work was done;

Abigail Adams of Quincy, noble of soul and  
race,

Reader of men and books, wielder of distaff  
and pen;

Martha Wilson of Jersey, moving with courtly grace;

Deborah Samson, fighting side by side with the men;

Frances Allen, the Tory, choosing the better part,

Led by Ethan the daring to follow his glorious way;

Elizabeth Zane of Wheeling, timid, yet strong of heart,

Bearing her burden of powder through smoke and flame of the fray;—

Each on the endless list, through length and breadth of the land,

Winning her deathless place on the golden scroll of Time,

Fair as in old Greek days the women of Sparta stand

Linked with the heroes' fame and sharing their deeds sublime.

Stronger than we of to-day in nerve and muscle and will,

Braver than we of to-day the burden of women to bear,

Glad from their wholesome breasts soft mouths  
of children to fill,  
Holding the crown of the mother as highest  
that woman could wear ;  
Asking no larger sphere than that in which  
bravely shine  
Sunshine of home and heart, stars of duty and  
love ;  
Full of a purer faith that rested in Trust  
divine,  
And lifted their simple lives to glory of  
Heaven above ;

Plain of speech and of dress, as fitted their  
age and place ;  
Meet companions for men of sterner creed and  
frame,  
Yet knowing the worth of a word, and fair  
with that old-time grace  
That perfumes like breath of a flower the page  
that holds their name.  
Trained within closer bounds to question issue  
and cause, —  
Small the reach of their thought to the modern  
student looks ;

But the stream within narrower banks runs  
deeper by Nature's laws,  
And theirs was a wiser lore than the shallow  
knowledge of books.

Not in the Forum's seat and aping the wrangler's course  
Did they strive with barbèd word the target  
of right to reach;  
But moulding the will of their kind with eloquent, silent force,  
Stronger than sting of the pen, louder than  
clamor of speech,  
Honor, they taught, and right, and noble courage  
of truth,  
Strength to suffer and bear in holy Liberty's  
need;  
Framing through turbulent years and fiery  
season of youth  
Soul for the valor of thought, hand for the valor  
of deed.

Well that with praise of the brave song of  
their triumph should blend!  
Well that in joy of the land fame of their  
glory find part!

For theirs is the tone of the chord that holds  
its full strength to the end,  
When music that dies to the ear yet lingers  
and sings in the heart.  
Letter and word may fade but still the spirit  
survives,  
Rounding in ages unborn each frail distorted  
plan ;  
And fittest survival is this, when souls of  
mothers and wives  
Bloom in immortal deeds, through life of child  
and man !

FOR THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTI-  
ETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHARI-  
TABLE IRISH SOCIETY.

SPIRIT of Charity! Angel of Might!  
Lift up our souls to the glory of light!  
Crown of the conqueror! Hope of the weak!  
Thine is the homage our full hearts would  
speak.

Thou, too, O Native Land! Thou whose dear  
name  
Pale hand of sorrow hath wedded to fame,  
List to the sons of thy tear-sprinkled sod,  
Blending the love of their country and God!

Erin, Beloved! What might was in thee,  
When thy children were swept like the leaves  
from the tree,  
To move the sad hearts that in exile had flown  
To pity for sorrows more deep than their own?

Gift of rare grace didst thou hold from above,  
Strengthening thine own for their labor of love ;  
Teaching them, friendless, in trial to lend  
Strong hands of help for the need of a friend.

Hymn we the triumph of mercy and grace,  
Lighting the future and past of our race ;  
No garland fairer may honor entwine  
Than charity claims for her mission divine.

Valor's proud standard still droops over graves ;  
Glory may thrive 'mid the groaning of slaves,  
But who his brother loves — his place shall be,  
O Thou Omnipotent ! nearest to Thee.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHAT maketh Christmas bright,

Though earth be dreary?

Truly I think 't is so

Because God's angels know

The rosy dawn is near to chase the night,

And rest to soothe the weary.

What maketh Christmas gay,

Though heart be sorry?

Nay but I think because

The star of glory draws

Man's soul above, beyond the stormy way

Of earthly care and worry!

What maketh Christmas peace,

Though rage be striving?

A hush of seraphs' wings;

A heavenly choir that sings,

Bending before the Babe that brings release

From death and sin's contriving!

## JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

### I.

O FRIEND, withdrawn too soon from love and fame !

When on the peace of this fair Sabbath morn,  
Marring its joy with discord most forlorn,  
The priest's low voice did utter thy dear name,  
And ask that light perpetual might shine  
On those closed eyes of thine,—  
So sudden shut to all the warmth and glow  
Of glad, strong life below—  
Surely thy sturdy spirit must have known  
The wail that ran through all the people, prone  
Before the altar, on low bended knee,  
In prayer and tears for thee !

### II.

Red rose and white, the laurel and the rue,  
Shall blend in wreath for you ;  
For the brave spirit, buoyant, unafraid  
That ever rose its brother man to aid

In strife against the tyrant; and to lift  
The poorest life to reach of freedom's gift.  
But not the proudest bloom  
They place upon thy tomb  
Can touch thy loyal soul as this long moan  
Slow wrung from hearts which claimed thee as  
their own.

## III.

Not for thyself we weep —  
Too early fallen asleep,  
Before the dust and footsore of gray time  
Had wearied thee, and dimmed day's golden  
prime.  
For thou hast won the race  
Where longer lives do vainly sue for place;  
And evermore thy memories belong  
To native land and song.  
But for ourselves, who ne'er again may know  
In the long years below  
The hand's strong clasp, the smile so sudden  
bright,  
The cheery voice, the sunny eye's delight —  
Alas! what use the haunting truth to flee —  
'T is for thyself we grieve, and only thee!



SONNETS AND EPIGRAMS.



## EASTER DAY.

THOU fairest Feast that earth may ever know !  
    Of all her days most beautiful and best,  
    Since Heaven doth open at thy glad behest,  
And man, immortal, spurn the clod below.  
Thou birthday of the soul ! When He doth  
    show  
    His costliest gift of sweet eternal rest,  
    Of peace and joy supernal, to the breast  
That life's harsh storm doth buffet to and fro.  
More gracious art thou than the blessed night  
    When angel choirs the hymn of praise began,  
    And Bethlehem's star made glad the  
        happy sod ;  
For joy in thee doth soar to purer height,—  
    Since greater than the bliss of God made  
        Man  
    Is thine, which hails again the Man made  
        God.

## RAIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ALL day above the valley's circle fair,—

While in the fields the broken grasses bowed  
Beneath the gray mist falling like a  
shroud,—

Titans of earth fight titans of the air.

Against the swarth browed mountains, gaunt  
and bare,

The countless, formless squadrons of dark  
cloud

Charge and retreat with crash of thunder  
loud,

And, baffled, still the shock of onset dare.

Now from the heights they win their stormy  
way,

Above the rocky walls their banners stream ;  
And in the twilight of defeated day

Torn by the lightning's sharp and fitful  
gleam,—

I stand, with all beneath in ruin hurled,

On one lone peak above a buried world.

## ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

BORN APRIL 23, 1451.

### I.

IN that strange, steadfast light which men call  
fame,

That backward through the halls of time doth  
flow,

Piercing the shadows of the past to show  
The splendid ghosts of glory and of shame,  
One figure shines resplendent; the white flame  
Of centuries crowns the regal brow we know,  
The hands outstretched with jewels, and the  
glow

That rests for aye on Isabella's name.

Lo! where she waits; with high prophetic  
glance

Bent like a star above the stormy main,  
The queenliest queen that dwells in old ro-  
mance,

The proudest gem that decks the crown of  
Spain;

Whose lustre over sea and land hath flown  
To this new world which she did make her  
own.

## II.

Around her move the dull and restless throng  
Of narrow lives ; the fierce and sordid race,  
With visions lowered from that loftier space  
Which makes the earth more glad than light  
or song ;

The poor ambitions and the might of wrong ;  
The craven fear that doubts the future's  
grace.

While she, as one uplifted for a space,  
Stands like a vision, beautiful and strong.  
Dear doth man hold her for the zeal inspired  
That sped Columbus to his happy goal.  
But dearer that the might of virtue fired  
With such hot flame her pure and noble soul,  
That in its light the fairest life is shown,  
Her sex, her country, and her faith have known.

## IN MID OCEAN.

HERE surely yet the gods of old remain !

Lo ! Dian moves across the fields of air  
Calm visaged, pure, the crescent in her  
hair ;

Bright Venus too doth hold her joyous reign,  
Born of the rosy foam that dyes the main  
As Hesperus doth call the winds to  
prayer.

And here where sea and sky do blend  
most fair

Poseidon comes with all his lusty train ;  
His plumpy coursers, dashing through the  
night

Do strike strange fires beneath each flying  
heel,

As, white manes loose in swift imperious  
flight,

All soundless through the realms of space  
they wheel ;

And far along the murmuring wave is borne  
The deep melodious music of his horn.

## A BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY.

THE glorious movement heaven-aspiring flies,  
Through the rapt silence of the listening  
hall ;  
Fades from our sight the stern encircling  
wall  
And dreamland opens to our dreaming eyes.  
Forgotten hopes and lost ambitions rise  
To shake the soul with happy longing. All  
Triumphant fancies hold the heart in thrall ;  
The future brightens under smiling skies.  
And thou, O Master ! On whose mighty brow  
The waves of thine own harmonies do break,  
High rising through the golden orbéd  
spheres  
Like billows round some stately vessel's prow, —  
Do they no echo to thine ears awake,  
That reaches where thy listening spirit  
hears ?

## PALM SUNDAY AT SEA.

It was the land that did Thee such despite  
O Christ, our Lord ! that welcomed Thee  
with palms,  
With loud hosannahs, and glad ringing  
psalms,  
Then sudden swept Thee on to Calvary's  
height !

Not thus disloyal was Thy constant sea ;  
That still doth hymn Thy glory and Thy  
praise  
As in the dawn of fair creation's days,  
And render unchecked homage unto Thee.

That still doth sing Thy all embracing sway ;  
Unto the silent watches of the stars,  
And morn fresh burst from out its silver  
bars,  
Proclaiming Thy glad power from day to day,  
And naming Thee the God whom we adore,  
Who is, and was, and shall be, evermore.

## NOVEMBER.

To-DAY, amid the sobbing of the rain —  
While pale November with gaunt finger-tips  
Proffers the cup of doom to Nature's lips  
And, scowling, mocks her moan of bitter pain —

I cannot mark the strife 'twixt life and death  
For joy of one fair thought that dwells with  
me;  
A sunny hillside sleeping by the sea,  
Made glad with bloom, and song-birds' voice-  
ful breath.

Glad as a dream that fills a stormy night  
With peace and love, it stirs my waking  
hours  
With blue waves dancing in the golden light,  
With brown bees dipping deep in chaliced  
flowers,  
And one swift flight of swallows drifting by,  
Blown like a cloud across a summer sky.

## JUSTIN McCARTHY.

To most men Fortune grants a single boon,  
And looks upon her kindly task as done,  
Since, by such wealth, the prize of life is  
won,  
And Fame's bright garland cometh late or  
soon.

But here is one whose happier lot hath known  
A fourfold gift, to make his fellows rich  
In thought and deed strung to high Honor's  
pitch.  
For he to Fancy's fairy realm hath flown,  
  
And won his knighthood ; he hath plucked the  
truth  
From History's masking, and laid bare her  
face ;  
Renown hath found him in the Statesman's  
place ;  
The Patriot's heart is his in age as youth ;  
Choose for his wreath—and bid the emblem  
stand—  
The four-leaved Shamrock of his native land !

## TO ONE BELOVED.

I WILL not wish thee wealth, since wealth  
may bring

But empty pleasure, false and hollow joys  
O'ertopping peace with rude and empty noise,  
Till life shall droop like bird on broken wing;

Nor will I ask for years, since time may be  
A thing beyond all other strangely sad,  
A cursed gift to make men drunk or mad,  
With sordid care and pressing misery ;

But I would crave for thee a rarer boon ;  
A spirit tuned to such serene accord  
— As one of those beloved of the Lord —  
That nought of all that cometh, late or soon,  
Be it of life or death, of joy or dole,  
Can fret the calm of thy most constant soul.

## THE GIFT OF VISION.

“ONCE, in the dark, I knew a rose was near,  
Because her lips had kissed the summer air  
And left their haunting perfume floating  
there.

But when I fain would pluck it for my dear,

Lo ! nought of all its sweet could I attain,  
But in its stead sharp thorns that sore did  
fret

My eager hands, and force them to forget  
Their loving quest for smart and bitter pain.

Shall I then cheat my fancy with the thought  
No flower was there within the prickly space,  
To add its lustre to my lady's grace,  
Or give me the fair prize my longing sought ?  
Nay ! for behind its thorn the rose must be,  
If we, who search so blindly, could but see ! ”

## MORNING IN THE CITY.

A PALE blue sky, suffused with tender light ;  
A chirp of sparrows underneath tall eaves ;  
A veiling mist of newly budded leaves  
That softly screen the city's homes from sight ;

A subtle incense in the quiet air,  
Which so uplifts the sense of common things  
That life soars upward as if borne on wings,  
And every thought becomes a silent prayer.

O promise fairer than the perfect day  
Of golden summer ! Thou divine unrest  
That meets its twin desire in every breast  
This happy morning ! Teach our lives the way  
To learn of thee thy secret sweet and old,  
The Midas touch that turns all dross to gold.

## HOSTAGES.

ALL men must pay some ransom unto Fate  
For this strange boon of living. Blest is he  
Who with some loss of gold or land goes  
free ;  
Nor yet unhappy is his fair estate  
On whom kind death most tenderly doth wait  
To take his treasure. Larger swells the fee  
He pays to Fortune, from whom love doth  
flee,  
Or change unto the scowling face of hate.  
More sad than these, his darkly mournful lot  
Whose hand the clasp of friendship hath for-  
got ;  
But deadliest price of all the soul must pay,  
Which for some lure of earthly power or pride  
Hath cast its heritage of heaven aside,  
And for such gaud hath given itself away.

## NANTASKET.

O THOU more fair than fairer scenes to me !  
Where the long curve of silver shining sand,  
Like some slim arm stretched outward from  
the land,  
Doth woo the soft embracing of the sea.  
Where green hills lift their sunny uplands free  
Above the tall white cliffs, that faithful stand  
As sentinels to guard the virgin strand  
In lonely, lonesome beauty ! Graciously  
About thee dreams of love and peace do lie ;  
Of bright days passed in sweet enduring  
rest ;  
Of happy thought, no wave of grief hath  
drowned ;  
Outside, the winter's stormy wings may fly,  
But never droop their shadow on thy breast,  
O golden shore ! with fadeless summer  
crowned.

## IN ANSWER.

DEAREST my love! You ask me which were best:

Thus to be torn by such sharp lance of pain  
As rends two lives which may not meet again,

Or never to have tasted love's unrest,

— That woful gladness burning in the breast  
Which sweeter is than all earth's richer gain.  
What need to question, while there doth remain

A single thought to do the heart's behest.

Is earth so wide we cannot bridge its space?

Is heaven so high we cannot scale its bars  
And hold our fond communion face to face  
Beyond the silent portal of the stars?

This is proud grief. But O the famished heart!

The poor, pale joy, had we two dwelt apart!

## SALVE !

THOU pulse of joy ! whose throb beats time  
For daisied field, for blossoming spray,  
Set all the prose of life to rhyme !  
To dance of leaf, and song-bird's chime  
Ring in the May !

## CONTRADICTION.

THE flush of rage was on her cheek,  
And scorn flashed lightning from her eye,—  
But trembling lips refused to speak,  
And love, though mute, gave wrath the lie.

## SEQUENCE.

THERE's not a breath of Summer's joy and  
glory  
But whispers of the Autumn twilight near ;  
There's not a page of Winter's saddest story  
But turns to meet the dawning of the  
year.  
Thus fear doth wait on hope and hope on  
fear.

## KISMET.

IN golden lands of sunshine and of love,  
One sported, glad as bright-winged birds in  
flight ;  
From furrowed seas, while storm winds crashed  
above,  
One lifted hopeless eyes to meet the night.

Lo ! how the gods do cheat our human  
powers  
Of skill to read the future from the past !  
Death, like a serpent, bit among the flowers,  
Life rode triumphant on the whirlwind's  
blast !



AT THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.



## THE LITTLE SAILOR KISS.

O KISSES they are plenty  
As blossoms on the tree !  
And be they one or twenty  
They 're sweet to you and me ;  
And some are for the forehead, and some are  
for the lips,  
And some are for the rosy cheeks, and some  
for finger-tips,  
And some are for the dimples,—but the  
sweetest one is this,  
When the bonny, bonny bairnie gives his little  
sailor kiss !

O I will kiss this sailor,  
This sailor lad so true !  
I would not kiss a nailer,  
A carpenter, or tailor,  
But I will kiss this sailor  
With bonny eyes of blue ;  
With a sonsy smile and yellow hair to snare  
the sunshine in,

With a laughing mouth, and a rosy cheek, and  
a dimple in the chin ;  
Three years old, and a heart of gold—Ah !  
who would care to miss  
The chance to meet my darling with his little  
sailor kiss.

For then the tiny fingers  
Creep, pinching, to your face  
With a touch that thrills and lingers ;  
And the rosy palms find place  
To come pressing and caressing with soft and  
gentle touch,  
Not teasing you too little, and yet not over  
much,  
While full of love and laughter the pretty blue  
eyes glow  
And red lips tightly puckered pout roguishly  
below.  
O tell me, ye who know it, is there in the  
world such bliss,  
As when the bonny bairnie gives his little  
sailor kiss !

## THE NAME OF MARY.

MARY, we dared to call our little maid  
Because upon the Virgin's day she came ;  
O Gracious Mother ! lend thy holy aid  
To give her life the beauty of her name !

## A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

“PLAY us a tune,” cried the children :

“Something merry and sweet  
Like birds that sing in the summer ;  
Or nodding tips o’ the wheat  
Dancing across the meadows

While the warm sun burns and glows, —  
Till we fancy we smell in Winter  
The breath of a sweet June rose.”

“Play us a tune,” said the Mother :

“Something tender and low,  
Like a thought that comes in the Autumn  
When leaves are ready to go ;  
When the fire on the hearth is lighted,  
And we know not which is best —  
The long bright evenings coming,  
Or the long bright days at rest.”

And the dear little artist bending  
Over the swaying bow,  
Drew tones so merry and gladsome  
And tones so soft and low

That we scarce could tell, who listened,  
Which song had the sweetest words, —  
The one that sang of the fireside,  
Or the one that sang of the birds.

## HELD IN SIGHT.

FAR down the long and busy street  
A little form appears,  
So small as yet no eye may trace  
The features of the darling face,  
Bright with its six glad years.

No eye save mine, that keen with love  
Speeds forth its mark to find ;  
Unswerved by tumult deep and loud,  
By hurrying feet and surging crowd,  
That well its search might blind.

Clearly, as if it stood alone  
Upon some wind-swept lea,  
Or lifted boldly into sight  
Above the crest of some brave height,  
The dear wee shape I see.

Unknown, unmarked amid the throng,  
His absence who would note ?  
Yet sun and moon and stars in flight

Less dark would leave the black, blind night  
Above sad earth to float,—

Than on my soul the shade would fall,  
If two small pattering feet  
That on the crowded pathway stray,  
Should sudden droop and turn away,  
From out life's busy street.

Dear God ! when sometimes fears oppress  
Lest Thy keen glance decline  
Its search for some poor, drifting soul,—  
The doubt forgive, the fear control ;  
Is our love more than Thine ?

## THE FIRST STEP.

To-NIGHT as the tender gloaming  
Was sinking in evening's gloom,  
And only the glow of the firelight  
Brightened the dark'ning room,  
I laughed with the gay heart-gladness  
That only to mothers is known,  
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby  
Took his first step alone.

Hurriedly running to meet him  
Came trooping the household band,  
Joyous, loving, and eager  
To reach him a helping hand ;  
To watch him in silent rapture,  
To cheer him with happy noise,  
My one little fair-faced daughter  
And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms  
That fain would bid him rest  
Close to the love and the longing,  
Near to the mother's breast,

Wild with laughter and daring,  
Gleefully flying from me,  
He stumbled across through the shadows  
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,  
Stepping so brave and bright  
With flutter of lace and ribbon  
Out of my arms to-night,  
Helped in thy pretty ambition  
With tenderness blessed to see,  
Sheltered, upheld, and protected,—  
How will the last step be?

See, we are all beside you,  
Urging and beckoning on ;  
Watching lest aught betide you  
Till the safe near goal is won ;  
Guiding the faltering footsteps  
That tremble and fear to fall,—  
How will it be, my darling,  
With the last sad step of all?

Nay ! Shall we dare to question ;  
Knowing that One more fond  
Than all our tenderest loving,  
Will guide the weak feet beyond !

And knowing beside, my dearest,  
That whenever the summons, 't will be  
But a stumbling step through the shadow,  
Then rest—at the Father's knee.

## TO A LITTLE LAD.

HEY Niddy Noddy !

What is this I see !

Vowing he is no' for bed,

Tho' his bonny drowsy head

Tosses up an' tosses down

Like a ship at sea !

Winking an' blinking

Eyes in shadow creep,

Straying an' playing

Hide an' seek wi' sleep ;

Whiles the flying laughter slips

Up his face astray ;

Whiles the dimples round the lips

Fleet and fly away ;

Not a notion gude or bad

Is in that curly head, —

Hoot ! my little silly lad

Off wi' ye to bed !

Ho Niddy Noddy !

And are ye waking yet !

Sitting there without a word,  
Gaping like a hungry bird,  
Is na that a weary sight  
To make a body fret?  
Mundering an' blundering  
Along his sleepy way,  
Lowering an' glowering  
Wi' nought at all to say;  
Daur ye now to tell a fib!  
Say it is na late,  
Wi' yon little lonesome crib,  
Waiting for its mate;  
Mickle sense, or good or bad,  
Is in that curly head;  
But an' ye 'd mak it more, my lad,  
Off wi' ye to bed!

## A VALENTINE.

To the Sweetest,  
The Dearest,  
The Truest,  
The Best;  
To a voice that is sweet as a bird's in the  
nest ;  
To a cheek like the flush on the leaf of a  
rose ;  
To a dear little, tip-tilted love of a nose ;  
To lips that have gathered the glory of bloom  
From crimson carnations deep spiced with per-  
fume ;  
To eyes that are dark as the beauty of night,  
Yet filled with star-splinters of arrowy light ;  
To a smile that's as glad as the laughter of  
dawn  
When the veil of the darkness is slowly with-  
drawn ;  
To a heart — but what symbol that is not di-  
vine  
Can I choose for the heart of my dear valen-  
tine ?

And what words can I frame that will do my  
behest,

That will bear all my love, with a lover's fond  
zest,

To the Dearest,

The Sweetest,

The Truest,

The Best !

## THE WEE THING!

OH ! Bairnies hae I mony  
That rin aboot the hause;  
An' ane is fair an' gentle,  
Saft steppit as a mause—  
An' ane is bauld and bonnie,  
Wi' blue een glintin' braw ;  
But the sonsy, stumblin' wee thing  
Is dearest o' them a' !

'T is weel I loe my Jessie,  
Puir bud sae douce and sweet,—  
Wi' smile that maks me gladsome,  
An' voice that gars me greet !  
An' weel I loe blithe Donald,  
An' Jack so gey an sma'—  
But the hirplin, toddlin' wee thing  
Is dearest' o' them a' !

There 's Sandy straught an' winsome,  
Sae strappin' for his age,  
Fu' taller than the gudeman,  
An' airnin' manly wage, —

Eh! but the tears do bleer my een  
When on his face they fa'—  
But still that fechless wee thing  
Is dearest o' them a'!

I daurna think it ower  
For fear it wad be sin;  
I daurna let the lips spak oot  
The thocht that bides within;  
I pray the Lord baith nicht an' morn,  
That gude may each befa',  
But the pray'r that names my wee thing  
Is the pray'r that leads them a'!

## LOST.

LOST !   LOST !   LOST !  
A baby with soft brown hair,  
    Dimpled and fair as a rose,  
    From crown of his head to his toes  
    Lovely beyond compare ;  
    White was his gown and sweet,  
    With a beautiful sash of red,  
    The loveliest shoes on his feet,  
    The loveliest hat on his head ;  
    And such a glow on his cheek,  
    Like a maple leaf touched with frost, —  
    No wonder my heart grows weak  
    When I think of the baby I lost !

Lost !   LOST !   LOST !  
O surely some one must know  
    To what land sunny and bright  
    Glowing with love and delight  
The dear lost babies go !  
If it were not fair to see,  
    Full to the brim with joy,

Do you think he would stay from me,  
My beautiful baby boy ;  
Or that all the others would go,  
Like leaves by the winter tossed,  
From the mothers who loved them so  
To the land of the babies lost !

Lost ! Lost ! Lost !  
They have left me here in his place  
A boy with a trousers new,  
And a jersey jacket of blue,  
And a dear little peach bloom face.  
He's brave and bonny and brown ;  
He's swift as the wind, and tall ;  
He can run all over the town ;  
He owns a bat and a ball ;  
He has a pocket and knife ;  
He can talk when his will is crossed, —  
I love him as much as my life,  
But — I want the baby I lost !

## THE FIRST BATTLE.

BENEATH the sunshine of his eyes,  
A fine resolve is glinting ;  
A frown across the smooth brow lies,  
Of strife and courage hinting.

For face to face to-day have met,  
In unfamiliar courses,  
The strange, mysterious alphabet,  
And my small hero's forces.

He looks ; he strives ; a puzzled pain  
Amid the dimples showing ;  
Then tugs again with might and main,  
— Till victory's ardor glowing

Runs up its red flag to his cheek ;  
Down fall the broken fetters ;  
And lo ! with pride he cannot speak  
The first three conquered letters !

Ah ! winsome little hero mine !  
To-day in strife enlisted,

With cheeks aglow and eyes ashine  
For one small foe resisted, —

We who have grown so sadly wise,  
Who smile in fond derision, —  
How do we know but God's clear eyes,  
From wider fields of vision,

May watch our battle fields of life  
With tender, loving sweetness;  
Yet read in triumph, as in strife,  
The same poor incompleteness.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.



## AN ENIGMA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF NADAUD.

KIND and cruel is her play,  
Fierce and gentle both is she,  
Fickle as the winds astray,  
Constant as the heavens be ;  
Her caprices without number  
Every shape and color take,  
Sometimes joyous, sometimes sombre,  
Smiles and tears together wake.  
Child she is, and woman too ;  
Naught more mild, or harsh, can be,  
— What ! you think I speak of you ?  
Nay ! I 'm talking of the Sea.

Now 't is troubled, now 't is calm ;  
Now it soothes like song of birds ;  
Often angry, then like balm  
Lisping sweet and loving words.  
Devil 't is and angel bright,  
Now inviting, now repelling,

Its fair face and blue eyes light  
Woo men down to death's cold dwelling ;  
Naught more mild, or harsh, can be,  
Wound it gives, but healing too ;  
— What ! you think I mean the Sea ?  
Dearest, nay ! I speak of you !

## A CHARACTER SKETCH.

SHE smiled, then frowned, then shook her head  
And scowled beneath her lashes ;  
A dozen pearly tears she shed,  
Then laughed in sunny flashes ;  
She pouted, flirted, scolded, cried, —  
And still you could not blame her,  
For although forty moods she tried,  
Yet every one became her.

She gossiped in the sweetest words,  
Like south winds that astray go ;  
She sang as sing the summer birds,  
She shrieked like a virago ;  
One day she dressed in gauzy green,  
The next wrapped ermine round her ;  
For oh ! she was a saucy quean,  
And so her lovers found her !

Sometimes such peace was in her glance  
'T was like a dream of Sundays ;

Sometimes her eyes would look askance,  
As dark as stormy Mondays ;  
She 'd scorch you like a torrid flame,  
She 'd freeze you — if you 'd let her ;  
For April was the lady's name,  
Perchance you may have met her !

## CONSTANTIA INCONSTANS.

INCONSTANT, did you call the maid,  
Because she turned her face away  
And to your friend her smiles displayed?  
Inconstant, did you call the maid?  
Nay? but in constant charm arrayed  
She shines like yon revolving ray.  
Inconstant, did you call the maid,  
Because she turned her face away?

## WITH A SILKEN PURSE.

IF this were a fairy gift, dear,  
And I were a fairy too,  
The purse should never be empty  
The whole of the long year through.

The longest summer day, dear,  
And the longest winter night,  
The purse should be always heavy  
And your heart be always light.

But the fairies have flown away, dear,  
Alas ! that the words are true,  
And there 's nothing to fill the silken mesh  
But the gold of my love for you.

## CAFÉ NOIR.

I'd be remembered, not alone  
In those rare moments when the sense  
Of the divine in her hath grown  
To thoughts all radiant and intense ;  
But in that tender human mood,  
That comes alike to saint and sinner,  
When homely happy thoughts intrude  
— Just after dinner.

'T is then when life is at its ease,  
The body in its softest raiment,  
No pain to fret, no doubts to tease  
With thought of copy, debt, or payment,  
That like her coffee, clear and strong,  
While care's dull clouds grew thin and thin-  
ner,  
I'd wish kind fate would bring me on  
— Just after dinner.

TO A VERY LEARNED LADY WITH  
A KNITTING BASKET.

QUOTH she, — 't was in the golden haze  
Of summer time, when bees were flitting  
And earth was singing roundelay, —  
Quoth she: "I fain would study knitting."

In forty tongues the girl could speak,  
Mild as she looked in sunshine sitting ;  
Read Spanish, Gaelic, Latin, Greek,  
But ah ! she did not know her knitting.

Philosophies she 'd scampered through  
To fit her mind for fine hair splitting ;  
Euclid and poets both she knew ;  
— How could she have forgotten knitting !

Go, little basket, to her shrine ;  
Speak to her heart in accents fitting ;  
And let the happy task be thine  
To teach her pretty hands their knitting.

Breathe — if a Basket can — this rune:  
I love her, though I thus am twitting;  
And let some thought of me keep tune  
With every stitch she sets in knitting.

## ON A THERMOMETER.

THIS is not, as it seems to be,  
A simple Thermo Meter ;  
Its mission is for you and me  
Of nobler use and sweeter.

Perhaps in measuring Fahrenheit  
'T will frisky be and arch, dear ;  
Mark zero for a summer night  
And burning heat in March, dear.

But if you want the temperature  
Of something holier, higher,—  
Of atmospheres more fine and pure,  
Than our poor frost and fire.—

By day or night, in sun or rain,  
'T will always tell you true, dear,  
The warmth of heart between us twain,  
And my fond love for you, dear.

## A CONUNDRUM.

FOR Philip's heart one summer bright  
I saw two well-bred maidens fight  
— You might not think it from their air  
So blithesome, frank, and debonaire,  
But I, from wisdom's dear-bought height  
Could read the pretty game aright,  
And oft amid their laughter light  
I asked myself — “ Now ! dark, or fair ?  
Which one ?

Here are his wedding cards to-night ;  
But ere I scan the paste-board white  
I fain would try, did I but dare,  
To guess what name is written there,  
And read, by gift of second sight,  
Which won !

## PHILOSOPHY.

THE saucy wind may take my hat,  
And send it rolling far and free.  
I need not lose my head for that;  
The saucy wind may take my hat,  
I shall not run, for I'm too fat —  
Some other fool shall run for me!  
The saucy wind may take my hat  
And send it rolling far and free.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

SHE should be bland and debonair,  
With dark eyes full of misty splendor,  
    Wear jewels in her dusky hair,  
And speak in accents deep and tender ;  
    Her robes of purple and of gold  
Should glad the sense of each new comer,  
    Her gait confess the gods of old —  
        This Indian summer.

Alas ! she 's dressed in russet-gray !  
She 's pinched and cold from toe to shoulder ;  
    Shrewish as wench on washing day,  
Her sharp breath chills the rash beholder ;  
    A shrilling voice, a jerky walk,  
A glance to make dumb men grow dumber, —  
    Good heavens ! I 'd like to tomahawk  
        This Indian — summer.

## A DEFINITION.

A PALIMPSEST! Yes, that's the name  
For this sweet heart of lovely Molly.  
But every imprint is the same —  
Another screed of love, and folly.

## A PHOTOGRAPH.

SHE hath a smile is half divine,  
So brilliant and so tender ;  
In dusky light her dark eyes shine  
Like stars in midnight splendor ;  
And dusky too her falling hair,  
That hides the rich cheek, glowing  
With blushes such as dawn might wear  
When buds of June are blowing !

She hath a form that might compare  
With Hebe's fabled glory ;  
A step as light ; a joyous air  
That tells her happy story ;  
Her voice is sweet, but sweeter far  
The soul its tones informing,  
With hope to drive dull grief afar,  
And love that quiets storming.

She hath a mind which hap'ly blends  
Grave sense and fancies lighter ;

The root of deepest musing ends  
In thought like flowers, but brighter;  
Her sprightly wit doth temper cares  
With gladder touch and finer,  
Till life doth trip to livelier airs,  
And leave its sombre minor.

She hath — but wherefore try to reach  
Fit emblems for her sweetness,  
Or torture faint and broken speech  
To mirror her completeness!  
Her name? her state? Ah! wherefore pain  
My skill in necromancy!  
She dwells in my Chateau in Spain,  
She is not fact, but Fancy!

## MARCH !

HIE ! with your blustering !

Ho ! with your flustering !

Fie on you, thinking of frightening us, March !

Scowl if you dare now,

Little we care now,

Whether you 're loving or slighting us, March !

Sure when your brow is all dark with the  
frown

Sullen and black, and the tears dropping down,

Knowing you well now,

Faith we can tell now,

There 's little cause to be grieving us, March.

Undher your whining

Your blue eyes are shining —

You thief of the world for deceiving us, March !

Bolder an' bolder now,

Turn the cold shoulder now,

Snowing and blowing — O shame on you, March !

But it 's your nature,

You obstinate crayture,

I 'll not be throwing the blame on you, March !

Sometimes, in spite of the wrath in your eye,  
The smile on your lip gives bad temper the lie ;  
An' shaming the growl in your voice when you  
speak,

The dimples of merriment dance in your  
cheek, —

O but you're cute now,  
Hiding the truth now,

Cutting your capers and grieving us, March.

Scolding and pleasing,

Warming and freezing,

You thief of the world for deceiving us, March !

Up from their narrow beds,

Raising their purty heads,

Though your wet blankets you throw on them,  
March !

See the small posies now,

Lifting their noses now,

Sniffing the sunbeams aglow on them, March.

Mighty an' proud as the king on his throne,  
There's a sweet coaxin' way that you have of  
your own,

Like a play actor taking the winter's dark  
part,

With the smile of the summer asleep in his  
heart : —

So you may blow now,  
Rain, hail, an' snow now,  
Little your tricks will be grieving us, March !  
We know your way now,  
Sure it's all play now,  
You thief of the world for deceiving us, March !



A GROUP OF MEXICAN POEMS.



## GUADALUPE.

ONCE Cupid's eyes were clear,  
    Open and kind,  
But alas ! *you*, my dear,  
    He chanced to find ;  
Only one glance he gave, —  
Since then, who paints the knave  
    *Must paint him blind.*

MIGUEL ULLOA.

## ELENA.

IF, for beautiful Helen of old,  
Chosen by Paris, a city fell  
And heroes of grace spent life and gold,—  
How many Troys under Fate's grim spell  
Would perish by fire and sword for thee  
If each one who sees thee might Paris be!

AUGUSTIN LAZO.

## ROSARIO.<sup>1</sup>

MANY a beautiful brown girl splendid,  
With eyes of the night and morning blended,  
    Springs from the soil of Vera Cruz ;  
But amid all the loveliest faces,  
Show me but one of your height and graces,  
    If but the gods would let me choose.

Exquisite rose of perfection ! Soon  
    You can no longer hide ; and then  
When your bright face on the balcony shines  
Under your window will hang, as at shrines,  
    Rosaries, made from the hearts of men.

MANUEL FLORES.

<sup>1</sup> Rosario, means also a rosary.

## JOSEFINA.

FROM the chalice of her lips,  
Perfume like a nectar slips ;  
And her accents, pure and fine,  
Fill the heart with joy divine.

In her eyes benignant lie  
Glories of the sunset sky,  
That in radiant splendor preach  
Eloquence that passeth speech.

If her beauty could but stand  
Mirrored by an artist's hand,  
Or inspire a poet's theme,  
Man would think it but a dream.

LUIS ALBA.

## VALENTINA.

WHEN he should chant thy wondrous grace  
Dumb would the singer's music be;  
If he should strive to picture thee  
Never a line could artist trace.  
For, of a soul so fair as thine,  
How could the semblance e'er be true,  
If the glad brush that painted you  
Had not been dipped in tints divine,  
Or if the poet's lyre had known  
No tones save those of earth alone.

MIGUEL ULLOA.

## AMELIA.

EARTH was a bower of roses rare and pale,  
And heaven a starry sea;  
Through the soft shadow sang the nightingale  
His wondrous melody.  
'T was springtime, and the dewy dawn was  
wet.—

When from its dreaming stirred,  
The flower's soul in sweetness rising met  
The bright soul of the bird;  
And from that kiss thy loveliness was born:  
Fair shrine that doth enclose  
The song bird's voice, the gladness of the  
morn,  
The perfume of the rose.

AURELIO GARAY.

## CONCHA.<sup>1</sup>

ABOVE the white foam and the azure sea  
A gleaming shell doth float,  
And the bright sun that glows resplendently  
Kisses the fairy boat.

The world it glads with beauty does not know  
The treasure in its breast,—  
The precious pearl, that radiant as the snow  
Within its heart doth rest.

Sweet Concha ! on life's sea thy beauty rides  
And man's applause doth win;  
But only we who love thee know it hides  
A fairer pearl within.

LUIS G. ORTIZ.

<sup>1</sup> Concha is at once the name of a shell, and the diminutive of Concepcion.

## MARIA.

IF, mid the shades on high  
They should meet, nor know her name,  
“ Beatrice ! ” would Dante exclaim ;  
“ Leonora ! ” would Tasso sigh.

## VIRGINIA.

Not hers are her graces,  
To Gods they belong !  
From Venus her charms ;  
Love lent her his arms ;  
The Muse who presides  
Over harmony's tides  
Hath shared with her gladly the sceptre of  
song.

Morales, the Master,  
Doth list and rejoice ;  
Says : " More than Ulysses'  
My fear and my bliss is ;  
He heard but the ringing  
Of Sirens' sweet singing ;  
I know the full charm of Virginia's voice."

AURELIO GARAY.

## AN ANSWER.

“AND what is Poesy?” She said,  
As laughingly she questioned me;  
“The smile upon thy lips; the red  
Ripe bloom upon thy cheek so fair;  
The glinting of thy golden hair;  
The light of morning in thy face;  
Thy soul, thy form, thy moving grace;—  
Thou! Thou thyself art Poesy.”

MIGUEL ULLOA.











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